A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, March 30. 1710.

I Gave some Gentlemen in my last a Caution, whether they please to take it or not, I cannot tell, *Go, sin no more, lest a worse thing befall you.* Those People that reckon the late Sentence upon their Party a *Deliverance*, and who insult us upon that Head; pray, Gentlemen, do not run on so fast—Do not think, that because the *House* of *Lords* mix'd Mercy with their Justice, and practis'd Moderation upon you, that if possible, they might recommend the Thing TO YOU. Do not flatter your selves, I say, with the Belief, that they durst not strike home; therefore have a Care of forcing them to Severities, and pushing your own Fate——— If after this Escape, *as you call it*, of Dr. *Sacheverell*, any *High-Flying* Priest thinks fit to go on in the same Manner, and take up the Case, where this Man has laid it down—*Let him have a care*, lest he put the *House* of *Lords* to the Necessity of letting them see, whether they can punish or no; let them make the Experiment when they please.

Again, pray, Gentlemen, after all the Moderation the *House* of *Lords* has shewn, let us examine *the Sentence itself.* You say it is a *light* one, and so indeed it is; but you can call it *light* in no Respect, but by comparing it with what you really expected, and what the Crime gave you Reason to expect——For a Minister of the Gospel to be silenc'd by publick Justice, and thought un-

unworthy to preach the Word of God, or instruct his Congregation for three Years, *What greater Infamy can be put upon him?* Do you call this a light Punishment? Time was, when it would have been thought a most grievous Sentence; and in the Primitive Times, a Minister of Christ would have dy'd, rather than have refrain'd Preaching——And with the Apostle have cry'd out, *Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel.*

Then to have a Sermon, which ought to have been for the Conviction of the Hearers, form'd of the Truths of God, and back'd by the Authority of Scripture, made up of sound Words in Meekness of Wisdom—that should be for Edification, Instruction, &c. able to make the Man of God Perfect, &c. To have this prov'd by the Suffrage of so Great, so Wise, and so August a Judicature as the *Peers* of *Britain*, to be seditious and scandalous, and to be order'd, in publick Testimony of the Nation's Abhorrence of it, to be burnt as not fit to be read, and by the Hangman too, to signifie how far the Author has merited to come into his Hands—— If these Things, Gentlemen, are counted light Things by a Minister of the Gospel, *it is strange to me*; and all I shall say to it is, That then Ministers of the Gospel either are not now what they were in former Days, or our *High-Church* Ministers are not Ministers of the Gospel; take it which way you please.

But now they tell us, the whole Town is paying their Respect to this Gentleman, caressing him and encouraging him——— *By the way I observe*, they pay Abundance of Respect to the Parliament of *Great Britain* the mean while——They make mighty great *Encomiums* upon the Supream Judicature of the *Lords* at the same time; *but let them go on*; have a Care, Gentlemen, you do not prompt him to offend a *second* Time; expect not, if he should, that he comes off so clear; all your popular Applause will not carry him through it, or the Power of your Tumults and Riot awe the National Justice in his Favour: And let him remember, The same Mob who are now blinded by wild Notions of the Church, and are for pulling all down to set him up—The very same Rabble will, when their *Eyes are open'd*, shout as loud, and make as much Joy at his Destruction.

We shall have a little Leisure hereafter to examine, whether this Work is for the Church or no, or whether that be a *High-Church* Sham; whether the Prosecution of this Man be against her Majesty's Inclinations or no, or whether the QUEEN is according to her Motto, *Semper Eadem* in her Resolutions, to keep her Subjects of every Denomination within the Laws of Peace and Charity one with another——— I say, we shall have Leisure to examine these Things hereafter; but for the present let us look a little to the furious Conduct of the Party before us— If these Methods are according to the Gospel Rule; if this Proceeding either in the Pulpit or in the Street becomes Christians; if this is the Badge of a Christian Church, to be biting and devouring one another; then I am at a Loss, I confess, to judge of the common Methods of GOD's governing the World.

I noted, in speaking of the Barbarity of the Rabbles in this Cause, more than in former. Shall I give you an Instance of the Spirit that reigns in this Party? The Story is Fact, and the Place where, Time when, and Vouchers for it are all ready. When a Bonfire was kindled in a certain Street for Dr. *Sacheverell*'s Escape, as they call it, and being only condemn'd as a Preacher of Sedition, &c. as the Boys and Children of every Sort will run about a Bonfire, there came a great many about this, of whom some were known to be the Children of *Dissenters* in the Neighbourhood——— As soon as it was notic'd by the Governours of the Affair, they rais'd a Cry against the poor Children, Damn 'em, they were *Presbyterians* Children, throw them into the Fire, what did they do there? BURN THEM, BURN THEM; and away run the poor Things in a Fright, you may be sure, and the rest threw Stones at them.

This is indeed a Jest, and you may carry it off so; *in Vino Veritas*; from as little Jests as this have greater Mischiefs come. Thanks be to God, the Days of burning *Dissenters* are not yet come; but this new

Spirit

Spirit of Fury and Rage that is now gone out among us, as found asleep as some People are, tends evidently to the burning, not the *Dissenters* only, but the whole Protestant Intereſt in this Nation. The *High Church* Men are kindling the Fire; but *let them remember* the Years of 87 and 88, when all their Sermons and Pamphlets were fill'd with Invitations to the *Dissenters* to Love and mutual Forbearance one of another, joyning Hands for general Safety, and ſtanding together againſt Popery and Slavery; thoſe Days are not ſo far out of our View, nor ſo unlikely to return, that they ſhould caſt off their Apprehenſions, and kindle the Fire again in their own Bowels, which has been ſo many Years a quenching.

If the Heat and Fury, with which the Party drive all now before them, is a Spirit of Eſtabliſhment; if it tends to ſettle us, if it is the Means to reſtore Peace after ſo many Years Diſtraction, *let themſelves judge.* Have not the Diviſions of this Nation always brought us to the Brink? Whether, *O ye mad Men*, are ye going now? You would mob all the *Diſſenters*, and tear them all to pieces; *and what then?* When you had your Fill of this before, what did it come to? Where did it end? You were fain to call in the Help of theſe very *Diſſenters* to aſſiſt you to keep out Popery—— Now you would pull them down again; and *what next?* I'll take the Liberty to tell you *what next* in its Place.

Be aſſur'd, this furious Spirit is all from Hell —— Fury is of the Devil; he is call'd a FURY, the Legions that attend him are call'd FURIES, and it ſuits their Character; for Heaven is all calm Peace and Love—— Envy, Wrath, Strife, Paſſion, Prejudice, they are all from Hell, and it is evident, as they come from it, they tend to it: All theſe hot Gentlemen are carrying on the Intereſt of Hell, nay, they carry on Hell itſelf, and in its Degree they turn the World into a *Hell*, A HELL of Uproar and Confuſion.

Nor may it be altogether uſeleſs to them to let them know, that as the Beaſt in the *Revelation* is ſaid to have its Period, and the Year of its Power expreſs'd in its Name, which is call'd the *Number of his Name, Revel...* So Dr. *Sacheverell* has very unhappily in his very Name, this very Work deſcrib'd Anagram-atickly, whether it ſignifie any thing or no—— And this I give you not from my ſelf, for I never dealt in Anagrams, but from a Stranger, who has ſent it to the Printer's to be inſerted in this Paper with the following Lines; which (as the *Tatler* ſays) I inſert for the Benefit of the Female Readers.

O Henry Sacheverell!

Anagram,

He car's on very Hell.

In Nuperos Vulgi Inſanientis Tumultus, dum Reus agitur magnorum Criminum Sacheverellus, pro Tribunali Superioris Domûs Parliamenti, in Aulâ Weſtmonaſterienſi.

EN quò perduxit miſerum Veſania Vulgus,
Inflatum Viro, Sacheverelle, tuo!
Turbida Paulinas tua Concio polluit Ædes,
In Rabiem Vulgus præcipitavit iners.
Paſſivæ triſtes Doctrinæ reſpice Fructus;
Quod non Jure pates, tu ſine Jure facis:
Hinc Vulgi Furor, hinc Vis, hinc Incendia Fratrum
Ædes Presbyterûm corripuêre Sacras.
Exulat Aſtræa, crudelis regnat Erinnys,
Turba Tremore, Minis ſævit, & Igne ferox.
Calcatur Pietas, Legum Reverentia nulla eſt;
Hæc Mala debentur, Sacheverelle, tibi.
Pro Meritis igitur reddantur, ſæve Sacerdos,
Legibus ut viſum eſt, Præmia digna, tuis.

A D

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHereas great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth——By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been stop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

These are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the usual Number deliver'd by the Publisher,—— A certain Number shall be left at Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff*'s, Bookseller in *Cheapside*, near *Mercer's-Chappel*, and at Mrs. *Rye* at the Sign of the *Golden Perriwig* at *Charing Cross*; where any Gentlemen may be supply'd either with single Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they please.

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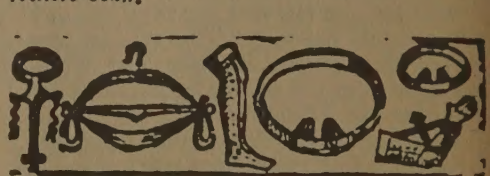

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He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over against Cheapside-Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.